Yaroslav Halan

PEOPLE WITHOUT A HOMELAND

pamphlets

Yaroslav Halan

PEOPLE WITHOUT A HOMELAND

pamphlets

DNIPRO PUBLISHERS
KIEV · 1974

У2+9(С2)
Г15

Translated from the Ukrainian
by Anatole Bilenko

Cover design by Ivan Havriliuk

© Dnipro Publishers, 1974

Printed in the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, USSR

Г $\frac{70303—172}{M205(04)—74}$ Б3—8—16—74

CONTENTS

A TRUE SON
OF UKRAINE
Foreword
by Petro Dovhalyuk

PEOPLE
WITHOUT
A HOMELAND 13

BY THE THRESHOLD 26

FROM
PETLYURA
TO PETLYURA

OH!... 35

FOR WHICH
THERE EXISTS
NO NAME... 39

ERADICATION 51

DOCUMENT
OF INFAMY 56

VAMPIRES 61

GUARDIANS
OF TREASON 73

OLD SPIES
ON A NEW JOB 81

A TRUE SON OF UKRAINE

Yaroslav Halan, commenting on the great poet of Ukraine, Ivan Franko, once wrote: "If this man had ever experienced happiness in his life, it was a happiness of struggle, a struggle against the same living spectres of the past with which we wage a relentless and — I sacredly believe — conclusive war today." These words about his famous countryman can be very well applied to Yaroslav Halan himself, who has gone down in modern Ukrainian literature as a talented playwright, ardent political writer and unsurpassable pamphleteer.

Yaroslav Halan was born on July 27, 1902, in the town of Dinev, Galicia (in Western Ukraine); which at that time was under the Austro-Hungarian Empire. For centuries the Western Ukrainians aspired to be reunited with the bulk of the nation in the east. "From time to time storms raged across these lands," Halan wrote of the past, "but besides tears and grief they did not leave anything in their wake. The signboards were changed as were the border barriers, one type of uniform was exchanged for another, but the shackles remained the same, and they were hard to be torn asunder by a people who knew about freedom only from hearsay and from the tales of their forefathers. How could the word 'freedom' be embodied in flesh in a land where every living word was a prohibited song and where the might of three empires stood guard over slavery."

The situation changed radically when the Soviet Union was established in the east. And although the October Socialist Revolution "bypassed these parts," as Halan wrote, "its mighty breath roused the sea of people, and before the eyes of the eternal slaves appeared not a phantom, but a real picture of human happiness. Now the courage of the brave ceased to be the fortitude of the

doomed, for in the unequal struggle the lights of socialist Moscow gleamed before them, for in the growth of her might and glory they saw the herald of their victory as well. Lenin was pointing them the way." With the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Western Ukraine fell under the rule of bourgeois Poland. This event sparked off a twenty-year old struggle against the occupation regime. The communists of Western Ukraine advanced a new program for the reunification with Soviet Ukraine. At that time the social and national controversies, as well as the ideological and political conflicts in Western Ukraine had reached an extreme point of tension. The aspirations of the workers and peasants headed by the Communist Party of Western Ukraine met with ruthless opposition on the part of the occupational authorities and the reactionary camp of Ukrainian landowners, petty bourgeoisie, nationalistic-minded intelligentsia, and the counterrevolutionaries of all stripes and hues, who had been driven out of Soviet Ukraine. This camp hypocritically called itself the "Ukrainian Piedmont," claiming that in Western Ukraine a force was being nurtured which would make Ukraine free, independent and united, although, in fact, this was to be effected with foreign guns and bayonets against the will of the Ukrainian working people. The new generation of revolutionaries Yaroslav had joined changed the name of "Ukrainian Piedmont" to a more telling term — "Ukrainian Vandée," for the imperialist powers had actually transformed Western Ukraine into a bridgehead for their crusade against the Soviet Union.

In such a turbulent political atmosphere Yaroslav Halan started his creative years. After studying philology at the universities of Vienna and Cracow, he embarked on a teaching career which was cut short during his first year at the Ukrainian *Gymnasium* in Lutsk, when he was fired for his revolutionary and anti-fascist convictions. The

incident had far-reaching consequences. In the summer of 1929 he was denied altogether the right to teach anywhere within the Poland of those days. Halan turned a professional revolutionary, taking up writing as his weapon. The secret police entered his name in "File No. 1, for individuals suspected of high treason." Whatever he did, he was under constant surveillance. Wherever he took up residence, they would search his apartment for any incriminating evidence which could be used as a pretext for sending him to jail, a labor camp, or to the gallows. Although he was a writer of versatile talents and had a good command of six European languages, he was doomed to unemployment. Wandering through Lviv in search of work, he would have been only too glad to "crush at least stones, or carry bricks, or shovel sand," as he would later write. He eked out a miserable existence playing the violin in silent movies, doing occasional translations for private publishers, or being an extra in films.

However, the proletarian authors and his comrades from the communist underground gladly admitted the budding writer into their midst. From 1927 to 1933 the progressive journals *Novi shlyakhi* (The New Ways) and *Vikna* (Windows) published six of his plays and many stories, essays, reviews and pamphlets. When the readers were first introduced to his satirical comedy 99% and his series of stinging pamphlets, in particular the classical *The Last Years of Batagonia*, it became evident that a noted satirist had appeared on the literary scene. The censors frequently barred his works from being published, and the magazine pages on which they usually appeared came off the press blank with the eloquent word "confiscated" printed in place of the text. Mostly Halan lashed out against the Ukrainian nationalists with his biting and penetrating satire, exposing their subservience to the Polish rulers, the German imperialists and all those who considered the Ukrainians a tribe fit only for tending sheep and sowing buckwheat, and their

language a "shepherds' cant" which must be eradicated. Halan and his associates from *Horno* (Furnace), a group of revolutionary writers, held that the only means of coming to an understanding with the Ukrainian nazis was to attack them in force: "We shall expose and unmask them, paralyze them at every opportunity, in every place, with all our power, with all our faculties, with all our love and hate..." And they were as good as their words to the last days of their lives.

Apart from his literary pursuits, Halan also took an active part in the public and political life of Western Ukraine. He was on the organizing committee of the Anti-Fascist Congress of Cultural Workers, which took place in Lviv on May 16—17, 1936. Speaking at the congress, he attacked the chauvinistic assimilation policy of the Polish government. For this "disloyalty" toward the regime Halan languished in the prisons of Yabluniv, Warsaw and Lviv. After his release he was placed under official police surveillance and prohibited to change his place of residence.

In October 1939 the centuries-old tragedy of the Western branch of the Ukrainian nation was brought to an end. Western Ukraine reunited with Soviet Ukraine into one state. From then on Halan's talent as a playwright and satirist gained a new dimension. In ten years he wrote over five hundred works — pamphlets, essays, novelettes, the tragedy *Under the Golden Eagle*, and the drama *Love at Dawn*. With the outbreak of the Great Patriotic War of 1941—1945 Halan became a prolific radio commentator. In this field he skilfully applied his experience and knowledge of the history of fascism, especially those of its chapters dealing with the treason of Hitler's Ukrainian flunkeys. He knew all of them by their names, he knew their habits, tracing every step of their service for the Hitlerites and exposed to the whole world their atrocities in temporarily occupied Ukraine. At the hardest time for the Soviet people Halan wrote with firm belief

about the inevitable failure of fascism. In June 1942, six months before the finale of the battle at Stalingrad, he prophecied that the leaders of the yet strong "Reich" would soon be brought before a trial of nations, and "it will be a trial unprecedented in history." Significantly, Halan represented the Soviet Ukrainian press at the Nuremberg War Crimes Trials. Then he visited many European countries liberated by the Soviet Army and conveyed his new experiences in a large cycle of pamphlets devoted to the struggle of the peoples of the world against fascism and the danger of a new war. He drew the readers' attention to the fact that but a score of the leading nazi murderers had been taken care of by the Nuremberg gallows. It was with specially keen political insight that Halan warned the Soviet people about the reserve army of fascism which was being consciously knocked up by some Western powers in the heart of Europe: "The class of Churchills and Marshalls may change its tactics, but its nature, the nature of a beast of prey, it will not change. Fascism — its creature — remains a real danger. And it is the bounden duty of everyone of us to wage a consistent, relentless struggle with reaction — in all its versions."

In his postwar pamphlets — *Island of Wonders*, *Rookery*, *Vampires*, *Guardians of Treason*, *Old Spies on a New Job*, and others — Halan was pained to see that Germany, which was to become the grave of fascism, had actually become a refuge for the nazi refuse from almost all of Europe. Among these dregs of humanity he saw and pictured from nature his "old acquaintances" — the survivors of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, all those hirelings of Bandera and Melnik who, seeking new "guardians of treasons," had found themselves in a place where the road of betrayal invariably leads to — on the dunghill of history.

It is hard to say what facet of Halan's talent was the more vivid, what instrument was the most effective in

cutting the nationalistic murderers to the quick — the sharp barbs of his satire or his graphic representations of a multitude of wonderful Ukrainian characters who opposed the nationalistic fraud with all their unconquerable energy.

Between 1945 and 1949 the author produced a large series of pamphlets attacking the reactionary ideology and policy of the then leaders of the Catholic Church and the anti-popular activities of a part of the Western Ukrainian Uniate (Greek Catholic) clergy.

Drawing on shocking historical facts, he condemned those "shepherds of the soul" who by all means assisted Hitler in their days, and then became the apostles of the new warmongers. His pamphlets *With Cross or Knife, Foreign Gods, In the Service of Satan, Father of Darkness and Others of that Ilk, Apostle of Treason,* and *Enough* mark the highest point of his accomplishments as a pamphleteer. In these pamphlets Halan showed the real essence of the religious union with Papal Rome, which, from the day of its inception at Brest in 1596 to its abolition in 1946, had brought nothing else but suffering to the peoples of Ukraine and Byelorussia by fanning religious enmity between them. In most of his writings on this subject, Halan lashed out with particular force against the last Uniate Metropolitan, Count Andriy Sheptitsky, a Ukrainian magnate who was the father and guardian of the Ukrainian nationalistic counterrevolution.

Historical authenticity, profound analysis of social phenomena, accuracy of presentation and political foresightedness are among the chief attributes of Halan's literary output. For the modern reader his writings are as relevant as ever, because they show that after the October Socialist Revolution of 1917, Ukrainian nationalism has become bankrupt both ideologically and politically and turned into a "glaring anachronism." As a convinced internationalist Halan took a principled stand against nationalism, chauvinism and racism in all its manifestations and versions. He criticized the absurdity of the various racist "theories"

dividing nations into "great" and "small," into more revolutionary and less revolutionary. He dealt a mortal blow to the nationalistic demagogues who maintained that the socialist revolution in Ukraine was ostensibly an irregular phenomenon engineered and forced on the Ukrainian nation from outside. Halan convincingly brought home to his readers that the most prominent task of the toilers of Ukraine was to do away once and for all with their exploiters. And this object was to be successfully materialized through the strong militant friendship of the Ukrainians with all the free Soviet nations, through the sovereign might of Soviet Ukraine and the political wisdom of Soviet people's power.

In 1935 Halan wrote a novelette he entitled *The Deceased Struggle*. Hardly did he suspect then what great symbolic meaning these two words would carry in defining the main essence of his literary heritage. All the time the author knew that his enemies, unable to refute the bitter truth and extinguish the formidable fire of his words, would stop at nothing. He was showered with anonymous threats demanding that he keep silent. In response to one of them he wrote: "They intimidate me in their fright. Don't let them expect me to lay down my arms." In the autumn of 1948 came a new wave of threats, when the archpriest Havrilo Kostelnik, one of the initiators of abolishing the religious union with Papal Rome, was killed by the nationalist terrorists in Lviv. Commenting on this murder in a pamphlet, Halan wrote: "The vampires from Peter's Hill can sting," "they wear the cassock because under it it is easier to conceal a knife."

It was October 1949. The nation was preparing to mark a great holiday — the 10th anniversary of the reunification of the Ukrainian lands into one Soviet state. The Ukrainian nationalists who had escaped just retribution were furious to see the working people of Western Ukraine joyously preparing for the anniversary of their liberation. On October 24, Halan was finishing an article

devoted to the great day for his countrymen and all the Soviet people: "The effects of the struggle in the Western Ukrainian regions have been secured, but the struggle goes on. This time it is a struggle for a good harvest, for the fulfilment of the productional plans ahead of schedule, for the further development of culture and science. There are difficulties, big difficulties at times: there is yet much of the filth mooching about. But life, the wonderful Soviet life is victoriously marching on and giving birth to new songs and new legends." These songs were about the "grandeur of liberated man." At this point the nationalistic murderers brought down the ax on Halan's head, bringing his life and work to an abrupt end. They thought that this would be the end. How great was their disappointment when they saw that their purpose was utterly defeated. After Halan's tragic death his works gained even greater popularity and were published in editions totaling five million copies. Indeed, the memory of Halan did not die, for his word writings were of a great love of the people and a burning hatred of the "gravediggers of human happiness."

PETRO DOVHALYUK

PEOPLE WITHOUT A HOMELAND

It was the summer of 1933. A young man rang at the door of the villa housing the Soviet Consulate in Lviv. On entering, he asked permission to speak to the consul. When the visitor was informed that the consul could not receive him, he swiftly drew a German Parabellum and fired a number of shots at the first person who caught his eye. The victim of the murder was Mailov, a consulate employé.

No sooner had the sounds of the last shot died away, than the bandit made for the door. But the doors in the buildings were of the type that opened and closed only through an automatic device. In vain did the murderer look for the saving button on the walls. In vain did he, pale and frightened, run from window to window: the bars he had not noticed before now blocked his way of escape. The criminal, who but a minute ago had killed an innocent man in cold blood, lost his head in fear of punishment. Cold sweat broke on his forehead; unnerved, he hid in the darkest corner.

The man's name was Lemik, one of the members of the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, formally under the leadership of Colonel Konovalets, but actually under the intel-

ligence department of the German General Staff. Lemik was only a tool. The instigators of this vile murder were sitting smugly in Berlin carrying on "negotiations" with the aides of Groener and Himmler, while in their spare time they fabricated the "ideology" to justify their black deeds and dirty machinations which outmatched the feats of "General Boh," the super-provocateur of Azef's * counterrevolution against Russia. Azef, however, had had no need of an ideological superstructure. He was quite content to hear the imperials jingle in his pocket. The ambitions of the super-provocateurs of the Konovalets clique went further than that. Dismissed from the stage of history, they used every means of making it at least to the variety platform. Donning yellow-blue ** mantles, they doggedly scrambled on to the stage, brandishing threateningly the chipped trident ***. The words "Ukraine" and "Ukrainian" were constantly reiterated by these self-styled priests of "superpatriotism."

"It's sweet and becoming to die for one's country...," they whispered in the ears of their Lemiks, sending them off on a dirty job. But when

* Azef, Yevno, 1869—1918, one of the founders and leaders of the Party of Socialist-Revolutionaries in Russia. An agent of the czarist secret police, he was responsible for the death of hundreds of people, He was also active in Ukraine. Unmasked in 1908, he fled abroad.

** yellow-blue — the colors of the nationalists' flag

*** trident — device of the nationalists

death would rise up starkly before the eyes of the Lemiks, the "nationalistic superstructure", in the majority of cases, would vanish instantly from their heads, without leaving even the slightest trace in their hearts.

And then the nominees to the yellow-blue martyrdom would throw off their crowns of thorns, and, after crying their eyes out on the bosoms of the police, they would obligingly don the invisible cap of an agent-provocateur in the service of the Lviv or Warsaw "defensywa".*

The Lemiks' "homeland" had proved to be a myth. Encountering stark reality, the myth dispersed like poisonous gas before a strong gust of fresh air

IN THE SHADOW OF THE PRUSSIAN EAGLE

The genealogy of the Lemiks goes back to the times when the now dead Konovalets was wearing the stars of an Austrian Lieutenant on his uniform tabs. At the outbreak of the first imperialist war, Berlin became a Mecca to which the political salesmen of the yellow-blue breed were drawn like witches to a Sabbath

* defensywa — political police in Poland from 1918 to 1939

At that time the market was tipped in their favor. Ukraine with her wealth had always played an important role in the imperialistic schemes of Germany. The so-called Union for the Liberation of Ukraine, hastily organized by the German General Staff, was to provide "cadres" for the future puppet "government". Meanwhile, with the Kaiser's blessing, some of the ministerial candidates organized espionage and subversion in the rear of the czarist army, while others translated German propaganda leaflets into Ukrainian and then shoved them upon Ukrainian prisoners of war.

The most enterprising among them organized so-called "units of the Riflemen of the Sich" whose duty it was to entwine new laurel leaves into the dubious wreath of "glory" of the Austro-Hungarian army and assist Vienna in realizing its cherished dream of putting one of the Hapsburg archdukes on the Ukrainian throne.

Understandably, such a policy could not expect the slightest response from the Ukrainian people, in spite of the fact that the yellow-blue agents employed by the major powers were eagerly using anti-czarist slogans in their work. It was just as difficult to make a fool of a Poltava peasant as it was of a Kharkiv worker, for each was only too well aware that shackles of a German make were no less easier to bear than were czarist handcuffs. On the contrary, their experience with

German landowners and factory-owners had taught them that in the field of exploitation and oppression the Prussians were unsurpassable masters.

In 1917 the yellow-blue agents of German imperialism — the Zaliznyakovs and Nazaruks — thought their time had come. Their reports on Mikhnovsky's speeches at the Military Congress in Kiev were attentively read in Berlin. The reports were read and plans hatched.

These plans were revealed to the world in all their nakedness at the Brest Peace Conference. With a helping hand from General Hoffman, the Ukrainian Sevryuks found themselves at the conference table. Released from the Berlin cage, the yellow-blue parrots obediently repeated what their German masters had taught them for years and obligingly nodded affirmation to all the demands made by the German delegation of the Soviet government. When, to the bang of the German generalship's fist, the Soviet delegates were presented with an ultimatum on Ukraine and the Ukrainian people were faced with the threat in all its enormity of Austro-German occupation, the nationalistic supers sang joyous "Hossanas to the Almighty" to Wilhelm. At last, so they thought, their time had come, and with it the opportunity to exchange a lackey's livery for a ministerial tailcoat.

But cruel fate disenchanted the lackeys this time as well, and showed them once more that it was far easier to don a livery than shed it. At a time when the Ukrainian people, through the feats of their soldiers, were writing new pages in a glorious history, when all Ukraine had risen against the German invaders, the followers of Mazepa from the Central Rada did not dare stick their noses out of the reception rooms of their German patrons. The fires of rebellion, flaring up now in one, now in another part of the country, alarmed and worried the battle-seasoned Prussian generals, and evoked naked terror in the Kiev "ministers". These people without a homeland now knew what it meant to face the hatred of a great nation, a hatred which no repressive actions could quell: for every bullet fired by the invader, or by his henchmen in operetta mantles, kindled yet another spark bringing nearer the moment of the great uprising of all the people.

When the politicians from the Central Rada were superseded by a new German favorite — Pavlo Skoropadsky, the situation did not change in the least. Ukraine seethed, Ukraine wanted to live her own way. She destroyed with equal hatred the punitive units of General Eichhorn *

* Eichhorn — general heading the German expeditionary troops in Ukraine in 1918. Assassinated in Kiev

and the blue uniformed henchmen of Skoropadsky.

Skoropadsky was to feel the brunt of this hatred in the fall of 1918, when he was forced to flee in a German ambulance train by the very same route along which his descendants of the Petlyura school were to show a light pair of heels some time afterwards.

In vain did the yellow-blue riffraff, later on, try to tear out these black pages from the history of their infamy, in vain did the nationalistic falsifiers compose abroad legends about their "Thermopylae" near the railroad station of Kruty *, for nothing can repudiate the fact that during those tumultuous years their influence had never gone beyond the limits the bayonet of the interventionist had drawn for them.

WARSAW MELODIES

In 1919 they made yet another attempt to put a noose around the neck of the Ukrainian people. This time, due to the temporary incapacity of their Berlin guardian, they concluded an alliance

* Kruty — in January 1918 the Ukrainian Red Guard units routed the crack troops of the Central Rada in a battle that lasted two days near the railroad station of Kruty (between Nizhin and Bakhmach)

with Piłsudski who was at the point preparing his campaign on Kiev. Simon Petlyura, the same Petlyura who in the winter of that year had proclaimed pathetically that his controversy with the Poles over Western Ukraine would be settled only with the sword, not only sheathed his sword some months afterwards and hastily recognized Piłsudski's claims for Western Ukraine, but by a secret agreement also ceded him all the territory on the right bank of the Dnieper, leaving for himself the humble right to rule Left-Bank Ukraine, under the strict supervision of Warsaw at that...

But Piłsudski's luck was even more short-lived than Wilhelm's II. Some weeks after his advance was initiated, he thought less about the retention of Kiev than about how to hold Warsaw itself. This time, as well, Petlyura's "government" took to flight, transferring its capital on wheels to Western Poland. The saloon car with the trident got stuck forever on a remote siding at the railroad station of Tarnow, and its passengers had no choice but to pass their years on foreign bread, and, growing older, to wait for the next juncture to come, to seek new patrons of political prostitution, who were still powerful enough to fill the disappointed hearts of the "tribesmen" with new hope of realizing their crazy dreams.

ENTR'ACTE

As matters turned out, they waited a long time. However, in this interval between two acts — the First and Second World wars — the people without a homeland did not rest idly. On the one hand, they wound the thread linking them with Berlin, which the course of events had broken off, and on the other hand, they continued to gamble on the great-power Jagiełło mania of Piłsudski. To avoid losing form, they simultaneously moiled for every available counterespionage service: Olga Bassarab was devotedly working for the German, Petro Pevny for the Polish, Onatsky and Ostroverkh for the Italian. Some of the nominees to the yellow-blue mandarinate, such as Skoropadsky and Konovalets, were waiting for better times under the black wings of the German pseudo-republic, while others, such as Andriy Levitsky and Dmitro Levitsky — under the white wings of the eagle on the Wistula.

Through agents, who were simultaneously agents of their masters, they continued to try to "strike at the heart" of the Ukrainian people. They struck, to be sure, with guns and pistols, with acts of espionage, sabotage and subversion, with hypocritical propaganda. And when in response this people hit them near Bazar, when it hit them at the trial of the so-called Association for the

Liberation of Ukraine, the latter a new version of the Union for the Liberation of Ukraine, they raised a hue and cry about the "red terror in Ukraine". These pygmies, their beards covered with the spittle of impotent fury, scattered throughout Europe and scrambled onto the rostrums to advocate a "crusade" against the Country of Soviets, particularly against the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic.

IN THE EMBRACE OF THE SWASTIKA

It was no accident that this hurly-burly coincided with Hitler's advent to power. It was no accident that for her anti-Soviet "crusading" Milena Rudnitska had picked the rostrum of the Geneva "Congress of National Minorities" directed by a rabid Hitlerite. It was Hitler who gave his blessings to the pensioners from the nationalist happy valley.

Notably, at that time the yellow-blue breed produced examples of "discipline". As it is known, the so-called Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists, attempting to fool the people of Western Ukraine with their ersatz "revolutionary zeal", applied from its very inception the tactics

of individual terror against selected representatives of the Polish administration. But as soon as Hitler came to an agreement with Beck *, the chieftains of this organization suddenly called a halt to the "terror". Moreover, when some of the members of the organization, disoriented by the sudden change of tactics, dared to protest, they paid with their life for the protest. The corpses of a young man and a priest's daughter, which were found by one of the ponds in Lviv with bullets in their brains, speak eloquently to the fact that for the OUN bosses the interests of fascist Germany were dearer than the life and blood of their comrades in the organization.

THE DAY OF RECKONING IS NEAR

But it was only in June 1941 that the people without a country showed what a canaille, which had made a profession out of political banditism and treason, was really capable of. The tanks of Hitler's dog-heads had not yet made a running start, when the yellow-blue tribe of Western Ukraine had already drawn the knives out of their bootlegs.

* Beck — the Polish Foreign Minister

The invaders had hardly entered Lviv, when the riffraff crept out of their holes and participated in the killing of Soviet people, competing in their atrocities with the German soldiery. Why? First of all, because such was the order of the Gestapo...

Dreaming about the future Poland, the Polish author Żeromski once wrote his *Dream about the Sword*. The yellow-blue breed proved to be far more modest. They dreamed not of a knightly sword, but of the usual rod of a German chief of police.

However, even this dream did not last long, for it was cut short by the very hand that had placed the bandit knife into their hands. Two of the armed units, which the Germans allowed the Galician "tribesmen" to organize during the first days of the war, were disbanded by the German officers before the men of this unit had even mastered the Prussian goose step. It was only those renegades who were sufficiently seedy and already toothless whom Himmler still permitted to toy with "politics", the latter, for the most part, consisting in reprinting material from the *Völkischer Beobachter* on the pages of the *Krakivski visti* (Cracow News — Tr.).

Twenty-five years of Soviet power mean twenty-five years of Ukrainian statehood. The fascists do not consider us a people, they are rabid, irreconcilable enemies of Ukraine, enemies of her

statehood. We lead a life and death struggle with them. For our life, for their death. The entire people has united in this struggle. Through its heroism on the battlefield it is building itself a monument of eternal glory. And the closer the day of our victory, the stronger beat the hearts — ordinary yet great in this very ordinariness — of the Soviet people.

However, the closer the day of reckoning, the greater the fear and despair of the hangmen of Ukraine, of the hangmen and their hirelings — the people without a homeland, human scum which today has found itself beyond the mainstream of history wherefrom there runs but one road — the road to ignominy and eternal oblivion.

1942

BY THE THRESHOLD

As a point of fact, the shares of the Ukrainian nationalists have long since hit bottom on the stock exchange of Hitler's "new Europe", for Hitler had thrown away the yellow-blue puppet circus of 1918 issue into the dustbin.

Why? First of all, because Wilhelm II had to do with one kind of Ukraine, while Hitler with quite another. In 1918 the German punitive batallions enjoyed the support of the *kurkul* * batallions of the Serdyuks. Now the German punitive divisions find support only from a scattering of habitual criminals. Twenty-four years ago, when General Eichhorn entertained the-big-time landowners Lizohub and Chikalenko, he was quite aware that someone stood behind these Lizohubs and Chikalenkos, someone who couldn't be ignored, who could build up a strong dike against the raging waves of revolution, whose interests were to some extent identical with those of Kaiser Germany. The sugar manufacturer Tereshchenko willed to sell his sugar to the German merchants rather than lose the opportunity of selling it to anyone else, while the landowner and extortioner of Podolia and Kherson was less

* kurkul — Ukrainian equivalent of kulak — a prosperous or wealthy peasant

afraid of the German requisition than of the slogan "Land to the Peasants!" For them, the German soldier parading through Sophia Square * was a more pleasant alternative than the insurgent Ukrainian farm laborer occupying the post of executive committee chairman.

That is why Wilhelm II needed the yellow-blue props, along with the puppets who fulfilled the function of lightning-rods during those formidable and turbulent days.

Since then a great many changes have taken place in the Ukrainian steppe. As the victor, the Ukrainian people swept the vermin out of their fields, weeded and turned over the soil with their plow, and, in their way, gave birth to and brought up a new generation — free, brave and proud. The Skoropadskys, Levitskys and Chikalenkos lost once and for all their social base and, instead of becoming the rulers of Ukraine's destiny, desperately sought moneyed and powerful rulers to determine their own destinies. For many years these cats with clipped claws sat by their Berlin masters and purred into their ears endless tales about their former "glory," and of how the Ukrainian people were supposedly yearning with all their hearts for them to return.

But no sooner did the first Hitler soldier set foot in Ukraine, than the tales of the yellow-blue

* Sophia Square — square before the St. Sophia Cathedral Kiev; at present Bohdan Khmelnitsky Square

purrers were rudely effaced from the memory of the nazi lords. Instead of the traditional bread and salt of welcome promised by the purrers, the invaders saw before their noses the gun muzzles of the partisans, instead of flowers the heads of the Levitskys were showered with spittle. Instead of meek, adulating smiles, the Hitlerites saw only eyes burning with hatred. The invaders sowed death and ruin in their wake, expecting to reap fear, but instead of fear they reaped a storm. They came to Ukraine with Zeiss field glasses, but even with them they groped through the country where everything living breathed boundless hatred toward the uninvited vagrants.

The German army made a blunder, the props proved useless, while the buffoons of the yellow-blue circus an extra burden to bear.

There is yet another reason why Hitler is hard of heart with his Ukrainian footmen, though he still uses them as the opportunity arises. The appetite of the German imperialists has reached such proportions that these ravishers don't want to share their booty with anyone. Now they've set out on a campaign not only against the common people of the countries they have conquered. The Norwegian fisherman lost his national independence and bread, while, with the coming of the Hitlerites, his master, besides losing his independence, also lost his ship. The invaders drove the French worker to forced labor in

Germany where they also took the industrial equipment — the property of the French industrialist. The Germans tore the Polish farm laborer from his native land and made him work for the Prussian landowner, while his former master — the Polish landowner, is no longer a master or a landowner, he has been cast overboard from the ship of his estate, in which its new master — the German, partakes of a banquet. And those capitalists in the conquered countries, who still remain capitalists as such, have been reduced to temporary "economic stewards," who for a certain time are destined to perform auxiliary duties in the German economy, which has been half ruined by war and blockade and which stands in need of skilled hands.

In September 1939, the Sheparoviches and Lutskys of Lviv sought protection in Cracow under the black wing of the Gestapo. In June 1941, they returned to Lviv to give away all their traps into German hands. The Banderas and Melniks did their utmost, through spying and subversion, to pave the way for the entry of Hitler's troops into Ukraine, and when eventually they stretched out their hand to get a paltry dole for their loyal service, the Gestapo took some of them by that very same hand and led them to the devil's abode where they were struck off the rolls. At one time the Galician manufacturers of soap and cigarette wrappers dreamed of lavish

share holdings and directorships in the metallurgical industry of Zaporizhya, yet today these newly converted residents of the "Cracow Generalgouvernement" are even prohibited from entering the east Ukrainian regions. Should these poor beggars be lucky enough to get to Kiev by some miracle, there's only one thing the invaders can offer them there: dirty work on a fishing "artel" managed and exploited by the Germans, or ... the post of a Gestapo spy.

The latter is the most probable of all offers. The Gestapo also needs skilled hands, but who can excel the traitorous deeds of all those Levitskys, Malanyuks, Dontsovs, Barans and Baranovskys, of the old, experienced stool pigeons and merited employes of the czarist secret police, the Austrian "K-Stelle," the Polish and Rumanian intelligence services, and the veterans of the German "Spiondienst"?

They hoped to become allies of Hitler, only to become hacks whom the master can give the boot any time. But they won't abandon his threshold. They'll patiently stick around, fearfully awaiting his death, to die themselves by his threshold, for there isn't an inch of Ukrainian land where these Cains will find refuge.

1942

FROM PETLYURA TO PETLYURA

The German-Ukrainian nationalists (let's call them gunsels for short) have good reason to complain of their fate. They are simply out of luck. As it is well known, every Black Hundred has its Führer, so the gunsels wanted one as well.

At one time the gunsels thought that Simon Petlyura had all the qualities of a Führer. He was not a bad pogromist, and was selling out Ukraine with a fervor. However, he had one vice with which the gunsels could hardly reconcile: instead of going forward, he went backward.

True, he used to say that it wasn't his fault at all, but of those who beat him and made him retreat, but this didn't make things easier for the gunsels.

So when Wilhelm's Germany was routed and Petlyura abandoned his client, selling out Ukraine to Piłsudski, the gunsels, loyal to their German master, rebelled on Berlin's order "Number Umpteen." The gunsels' newspapers, which up to now had dignified Petlyura by the name of "hero," readapted their policies in one night and started referring to yesterday's hero with a new set of epithets: "traitor, mercernary, scoundrel,"

while the main organ of the gunsels in Prague, *Rozbudova natsii* (Development of the Nation — Tr.), christened him with the telling name of "Judas."

For some time Skoropadsky was the gunsels' hope. He stuck to Berlin like a burr to a sheepskin coat. But he, too, wasn't without vices. This "Hetman of All Ukraine" did not know the Ukrainian language and mercilessly perverted the German tongue. So the gunsels had to look for another Führer.

They found Colonel Yevhen Konovalets. True, he did not move forward either, but neither did he go backward: he simply stood in place — in Berlin.

For a long time the gunsels were satisfied. And not the gunsels only, but Berlin as well. And not only Berlin, but Warsaw too. The German intelligence service paid in marks, and the Polish in zlotys. The marks were quoted on the Warsaw stock exchange, and the zlotys on the Berlin exchange.

Everything would have been all right were it not for human envy. Some of the gunsels envied Konovalets' "glory" and decided to stage a palace revolution with the aid, of all the things, of a pack of cigarettes presented to the Führer by his subordinates. No sooner did he open the pack, than there came a mighty bang which in a split second transformed the gunsels' Führer into a heap of mashed beets...

Having in this way done away with their Führer No. 2, the gunsels went into mourning and then elected Führer No. 3, Andriy Melnik. Impressed by the sad lesson of his predecessor, Melnik not only refused to accept the gunsels' presents, but he hid himself behind the back of the Gestapo in such a way that even the devil would have had a hard time finding him!

This was not exactly to the liking of some gunsels, and they set out in quest of a new, rival Führer. It turned out that this devil of fortune's pet was none other than Stepan Bandera (don't confuse the name with the town of Benderi, for the name Bandera is derived from "band"!)

The first actions of the rivaling Führers were to fill in the gaps in their biographies. The "leader" Melnik was publishing "manifestos," in which he called Bandera a scoundrel and a stool pigeon, while the "leader" Bandera called Melnik an agent of the Polish intelligence service, a murderer of Konovalets, and — a stool pigeon as well.

Of course, both of the "leaders" were in the right, but this in no way satisfied the gunsels, they had to have one Führer, not two.

Having lost all confidence in their own power, they appealed to their master Hitler to give them an appointed Führer.

Hitler pondered upon this request for a long time, wondering who of the gunsel scum would be the scummiest of all, and at long last he

recalled Sevryuk, a German extra from the times of the Peace Conference at Brest.

"Richtig!" shouted the gunsels in German.

But the Ukrainian partisans said something quite to the contrary. As soon as Sevryuk found himself on the territory of Ukraine, a contraption patterned on a mine exploded under his rail coach. It exploded with such force that Sevryuk was reduced to fragments and the gunsels didn't even have a chance to organize a solemn funeral for their Führer.

Now this was too thick for the gunsels. Fate was overtly mocking at them. They decided to outwit fate. Instead of a live Führer they chose for themselves a dead one.

And who would you think? Simon Petlyura! That same Petlyura whom the gunsels had but recently called by his true name, that is, traitor, mercenary, scoundrel and Judas.

The gunsels couldn't have made a better choice. The fact that Petlyura was a Judas didn't bother anyone: for the times to come he will remain the first among many Judases. The fact that he already lies buried in the ground doesn't mean anything either. For very soon all of his followers will go the way of all flesh...

Well, that's the whole story. It's short, but interesting.

1943

OH!..

This story, as the title might suggest, is about an unlucky love affair. For many years we've been witness of the passionate, unquenchable love of the Ukrainian nationalistic dame toward the German martinet. When her true love shed the Pickelhaube of Wilhelm's army and donned the uniform of an Hitler SS marauder, the feeling of the dame flared up with a new, hitherto unheard of passion. It was, more accurately speaking, a state of hysterics.

We will remember the months of June and July of 1941 a long time to come. Then the German-Ukrainian nationalists passed the exams given by Hitler and Himmler, receiving a mark of "very good." They were the ones who showed the Germans the shortest route to Lviv, they were the ones who shot our soldiers, our women and children in the back, they were the ones, who, banded together in the so-called Ukrainian police, helped the Gestapo crucify Soviet citizens. They — all those flunkeys of Melnik and Bandera — were alternately contending for first place in the hangman's trade.

And then a typical misfortune descended upon these fastidious lovers: they were chased out into the backyard.

Somehow they had to voice their discontent at the offense, to avoid becoming the laughing

stock of history. The first to do so was the "leader" Stepan Bandera, followed by his hacks. They issued thousands of manifestos withdrawing their love and vowing revenge on the ungrateful master of their hearts. The Banderites even took up arms but, bearing in mind that old love never dies, they, instead of going at the Germans, started to exterminate the civilian population of Western Ukraine, surpassing in their atrocities their SS teachers.

In the fall of last year it might have seemed that the Banderites' love of the invaders had spent itself completely. Their leaflets were filled with threats toward Galicia's Governor Wächter whom they even called by his true name — "bloody butcher of Ukraine." In these leaflets they were against both the "Galician SS Division" and the "contingents." In a word, the Banderites decided to employ all means to save their reputation stained by the blood of innocent victims.

Leaflets are leaflets, but facts are facts. The panicky flight of Governor Wächter from Lviv gave us the opportunity to become acquainted with his love letters. Among them a place of "honor" is held by the "Open Letter" of the so-called "County Executive of the OUNSD" (of the Banderites), dated October 1, 1943, and addressed to Herr Governor of District Galicia, Dr. Otto Wächter.

Now, what did the bloody Banderite hangmen write to the bloody German hangman?

First of all, they voiced their disappointment over German nationalism (!) and the German nationalists (!) whom they had imagined to be quite different, so to say, from those they had seen, for the most part, in Ukraine.

"However (the following is a translation from a rather poor German — Y. H.), there are other German nationalists. You too, Honored Herr Governor, belong to them. In your treasured person, we met a man who corresponds to our former notions."

Now did you get the point? The possessed hangman of the Ukrainian people, the sadist, villain and extortioner Wächter corresponds to the "notions," or, to be more precise, to the dreams of the Ukrainian nationalists. Well, there's nothing strange about it. Like seeks like...

But these do not exhaust the compliments the Banderites heaped on Wächter. Further on we read:

"Loyalty and devotion to truth and justice are combined*(vereint)* in your personality."

Ond now comes the scream bursting out of the loving heart:

"Oh, how much would we, Ukrainian nationalists, like to find a common language with such German nationalists at such hard times for our peoples as these!..."

Then the writers of the letter go on to say that the accusations regarding their (the Banderites') opposition to the Germans, to the "SS Division" and to the extortionate "contingents" are in fact nothing but slander. What about the leaflets? What nonsense! Besides leaflets, they have agents who spoke quite to the contrary:

"We are not against the contingents, for the Banderabewegung' has instructed its cells (*Zellen*) to persuade the peasants to turn in the contingents."

We don't know what answer Wächter sent his lovers, but this is of no consequence, especially now, when both Wächter and the Banderites have been thrown into the cesspit by the bayonet of the Red Army. What is of consequence is the fact that the love of the Ukrainian nationalistic dame toward the German butcher has remained unhealed and only in death will this pair part.

1944

FOR WHICH THERE EXISTS NO NAME...

The fourteen-year-old girl could not look calmly at meat. When someone was about to fry cutlets, she grew pale and trembled like an aspen leaf.

On a stormy night some months ago, a group of armed men burst into a country cottage not far from the town of Sarny, and brutally murdered her family. Struck with horror, the girl watched the death agony of her parents.

One of the bandits put the sharp edge of the knife to the child's throat, but in the last instant he came up with another "idea."

"Go on, live for the glory of Stepan Bandera!" he said. "And so that you won't die of hunger, we'll leave some food for you. Come on, boys, chop up some pork for her!..."

The "boys" liked this proposition. They took the pots and pans down from the racks, and in a matter of minutes a heap of meat cut from the bleeding bodies of her father and mother was placed before the girl, who was on the verge of collapse from horror.

This is the point to which these degenerates and bandits, who call themselves the "Ukrainian nationalists," have come — all those followers of Bandera, Bulba and Melnik. Their deeds of the last few years form a continuous chain of wild

atrocities, monstrous wantonness and unimaginable ferocities.

In January 1940 arose a "split" in the OUN (Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists). Bandera broke away from Melnik, and the Gestapo twins parted. This split was conditioned by the interests of the twins, it was conditioned by the interests of their mother — Hitler's Germany.

Their roles were assigned in the following way: Melnik was to remain an overt, full-time lackey of Berlin, while Bandera somewhat of an Azef. Hollering about "independence" and a "United Ukraine," this demagogic stool pigeon endeavored to rally around himself as many janizary-cutthroats as possible who would be ready to form an espionage-subversion unit within Hitler's horde during the first hours of Germany's attack on the Soviet Union.

On June 30, 1941, on the second day of the Germans' incursion into Lviv, Bandera established his "government" for Ukraine. This comedy was succeeded by another one twenty-four hours later: the Gestapo arrested Bandera and his "Prime Minister" Stetsko. The "arrest" notwithstanding, they offered him ample opportunities to go on leading his gang...

Beginning with the autumn of 1941, Bandera's OUN was gradually going into the "underground" which, incidentally, was rather expertly organized by the Gestapo stage directors. The in-

vaders had to split at any price the unity of the Ukrainian people and paralyze the growing partisan movement. And the invaders placed their stakes on Bandera's OUN group. Its task was to forestall anti-German sentiments among the masses and to hinder the bitter hatred harbored by the Ukrainians against the German invaders from spilling into an armed struggle for the liberation of Ukraine.

And Bandera's henchmen went into action. At the German print shop in Lutsk they started printing, of all things, anti-German leaflets; their so-called Ukrainian Insurgent Army * was being equipped with brand new German submachine guns. But neither their leaflets nor their submachine guns did any particular harm to the Germans. A leaflet as a such did not cause anyone's death as yet, but the bullets of Bandera's men had the property of flying not in the direction of the German punitive units, but into the bodies of Ukrainian and Polish peasants, their wives, mothers and children, and into the backs of the partisans engaged in avenging the injustices suffered by the Ukrainian and Polish peoples.

All these traitorous activities could not, of course, change and did not change the natural course of events. The Ukrainian people struck to the core of the provocation, through their assistance

* English equivalent for UPA — Ukraïnska povstanska armiya

the Red Army was victoriously advancing to the west, freeing more and more Ukrainian territory from the enemy. The Hitlerites and their nationalistic hacks, though, were no better off than before.

It would have seemed that this was the end, that lower than these depths the German-Ukrainian nationalistic bastards wouldn't go. But no! Even when the ultimate defeat of Germany had become but a matter of hours, the Ukrainian agents of Berlin remained true to themselves, and proved to be the most devoted and servile gang of all of Hitler's flunkeys in Europe.

True, even today, in the intervals separating their criminal actions, these professional traitors rant about an "independent" and "United Ukraine," calling themselves an "independent political factor." But the facts show what this "independence" is really like. We refer to irrefutable facts sustained by the real and sole instigators of the Ukrainian nationalists — the Gestapo lords.

Let the documents speak for themselves. Let them seal the doom of that which for many years has been labeled with the odious term of "Ukrainian nationalism."

In the early spring of 1944, the Red Army crossed the River Zbruch during its liberation campaign. About the same time the headquarters of the German security police and the SD of Dist-

rict Galicia was visited by Bandera "delegates" who had brought along a declaration to the effect that the representative of the so-called Central Command of the OUN, Herasimovsky, wanted "on behalf of the political and military sector of the OUN" to discuss with the Gestapo the possibility of close cooperation against "Bolshevism" under the conditions at hand.

The Gestapo didn't have to be asked twice: on March 5, Herasimovsky met with the representative of the security police and SD, Kriminalkommissar Pappe, in Ternopil. As we see, the Gestapo had properly sized up their Bandera counteragents by sending to the palaver with Herasimovsky a specialist on criminal affairs.

During the meeting Herasimovsky made a statement, in which he said, in part (according to the shorthand report of Herr Pappe's secretary):

"...The Ukrainian people and the Bandera groups clearly understand that they can attain their independence only with the assistance of the greatest nation of Europe." (read: the Germans. Y. H.).

The word "Ukrainian people" that came from the mouth of the out-and-out mercenary was, of course, but a stylistical adornment. Herasimovsky only wanted to emphasize that the fate of the Bandera fraternity, as of all the Ukrainian nationalists, would continue to rest in the hands of the Germans.

"Realizing this, the Ukrainian people (read: the Ukrainian nationalists. Y. H.) had already once stood by the side of the Germans during the First World War, later on they sought and found support of Germany, studied for German aims, and, at last, made their contribution to Germany both in the Polish-German as well as in the German-Soviet wars."

In this respect Herasimovsky was undoubtedly in the right. The Ukrainian nationalists were true servants of German imperialism during the First World War; later they sought and found support in Berlin, diligently studied to be skilled spies for German aims and had every right to call themselves veterans of the German intelligence service. Apparently, Herr Pappe himself hadn't the slightest doubts about this, and if he patiently listened to the sincere confession of the Bandera "Independent," it was only because his long-standing career as a clerk for the criminal police prompted him to do so.

Herasimovsky continued:

"The error contesting that the Bandera groups ostensibly regard Germany as their enemy must be finished with. The Bandera group states that the Ukrainians (read: the Ukrainian nationalists. Y. H.) would have been content with a state form patterned on a protectorate, but this step toward the independence of the Ukrainians was not ef-

fected by Germany; that is why the Bandera group, bound by an idea (you hear: "idea!..." Y. H.), is forced, in pursuance of its political goal, to work illegally. Nonetheless, the illegal activities strictly provide not for action against Germany but for preparation for a decisive struggle against the Russians. This was convincingly borne out by the fact that the Bandera group started to organize, arm and train its combat units only in February 1943, that is at the time when, as a result of the events on the Eastern front, it had been established that the Germans could not overcome Russia as it had seemed at the beginning of the war."

As we see, the Bandera chain hound, wagging its tail as much as it could, was hitting at the legs of Herr Kriminalkommissar Pappe with ever growing force. In his adulating frenzy Herasimovsky doesn't hesitate to refer to his subordinates... as criminal elements:

"If in a number of places acts of anti-German sabotage did take place, they were never done on the orders of the Bandera group, but were carried out unauthorized by Ukrainians following criminal incitement..."

At the end of his statement Herasimovsky proposed the following:

"a) the Bandera group is to completely and unreservedly consolidate ... solidarity with all

German interests, such as supply, German development in the East, and necessary requirements in the military service areas;

"b) OUN's Bandera group places at the disposal of the German contracting party secret-service material against Poles, Communists and Bolsheviks collected by its intelligence service for use in organizing punitive operations."

The nationalistic henchmen of the German marauders did not have to wait long for the Gestapo's response. Only a few days later, the representative of the security police and SD of District Galicia forwarded a memo to the Generalgouvernement Oberführer and Colonel of Police, Bierkamp, which was overflowing with undisguised irony toward the Bandera "contracting party":

"Please inform immediately concerning the decision of RSHA,* taking into consideration that the OUN representative, the would-be minister of foreign affairs of the Ukrainian state, is to visit me soon."

Herasimovsky's second meeting with the Gestapo took place on March 23. In his new statement the OUN representative was no less generous than during his previous visit:

"...the OUN shall hand over to the Germans information of a military character from the regions behind the Soviet front line.

* RSHA — Reichssicherheitshauptamt — Reich Central Security Office

"The OUN shall keep its combat units behind the Soviet front line and disrupt Soviet supply operations, supply bases, munitions centers and depots through active sabotage..."

Preparing for this devious activity, the OUN chieftains assidiously saw to it that their duped adherents would not know the truth. That is why Herasimovsky implored the Gestapo to maintain silence:

"The supply of munitions and materiel for sabotage from the German side through the front line to the units of the Ukrainian Insurgent Army must be effected according to the strictest rules of secrecy lest the Bolshevik regime turn up its trumps by maintaining that the Ukrainians (read: the Ukrainian nationalists. Y. H.), who stayed behind the front line, are Germany's allies and her agents."

On March 28 that very same Herasimovsky had a meeting with SS Obersturmbannführer Dr. Witisk, commander of the security police and SD of District Galicia. To Witisk's query on the Banderites' attitude toward German mobilization of the Ukrainian population, the nationalistic blackguard gave the cynical reply:

"The OUN will not place obstacles to this end; besides, the Ukrainian people have so much manpower (!!) that the German occupation authorities can carry out mobilization, after which new enlistments will still be feasible in the UPA, and neither party will stand in the way of the other."

Indeed, neither party stood in the other's way. Both the Germans and the Bandera hirelings contended for first place in exterminating the Ukrainian people. And if they did not succeed in carrying this insane objective to its fruition, it was only because they were hindered in the process...

On April 19, 1944, a meeting of the leaders of the German "Abwehrkommandos" 101, 202 and 303 of the army group "South" took place. In his report, lientenant-Colonel Lindgart (Abwehrkommando 101) complimented the OUN henchmen in quite a remarkable way. Now, listen to his words:

"Beyond the connections with the OUN, the activities of my agents are completely impossible."

At this meeting Lieutenant-Colonel Seliger (Abwerkommando 202) had even more to say:

"...I must actually embrace all the members of the UPA in the territory of Galicia, and after training and equipment, transfer them by planes to the Soviet side, or let them pass through the breaches in the front. For a long time I have maintained contact with the UPA through its representative Shukhevich and have already been provided with some men for training."

But while the Gestapo was conferring, the Red Army advanced in force, approaching the western frontiers of Ukraine. The German invaders realized that they would not walk the Ukrainian

land for any length of time. And again the nationalistic cuckoo eggs stood them in good stead.

On June 15, in an official letter addressed to the chief administration No. IV, SS Sturmbannführer and Councilor Pommerning, Berlin, the representative of the security police, wrote the following:

"...On 5.5.'44 information officer N. had another regular meeting with Herasimovsky, at which questions were discussed on transferring agents S. and F. across the front line to the Soviet side, as well as leaving agents F. in the event of German evacuation of a part of Galicia in connection with the military events.

"These talks also serve the interests of the Sonderkommando 'Zeppelin' stationed here.

"As regards leaving agents F. and S. for transferring them across the front line, Herasimovsky stated that UPA maintains the same contact with the army as the security police with OUN's Bandera group.

"For a long time there has been an agreement between the German army and the UPA that agents F. and S. from the ranks of UPA be assigned to the army.

"So the only thing left is to acquaint the security police with these members of the UPA."

Enough is enough! The circle of infamy has closed, and the contemptible nationalistic creatures arrived at the extreme point from which

they had started on their wayward path. Gone into the irrevocable past are the hopes of these blackguards for a "great win," gone are their vain dreams of ruling over Ukraine, dreams which evaporated from their heads intoxicated with the blood of their brothers. Their mad, fanatic hatred toward the Ukrainian people, which more than twenty years had been lauded in the verses of their poet Malanyuk, has pushed them into the very same cesspool into which the German rulers of their bodies and souls have slid. Into the very same cesspool in which they were born and in which they learned their crafts of murder, treason and provocation.

One might ask: how can people fall so low? This question should be asked of fascist Berlin, of that gigantic bin of social and human trash, of people without honor and without a homeland.

And not even people as such, but something for which there exists no name in the languages of mankind.

1944

ERADICATION

Looking at his photograph you see the clean shaven physiognomy of a typical bandit. His head is covered with a Mazepinka cap, the only concession the Hitlerites made to the Galician yellow-blue tribe. On the cap is his round policeman's cockade reminiscent of a seal with which, during Polish rule, they branded the ears of pigs destined for export. His body is girded with little belts and adorned with tin trinketry, on his chest we note large field glasses, a sizable field bag hangs down on one side, and an enormous pistol on the other. You'd think it was a hero from a Mexican operetta standing before you, if it were not for his eyes, or rather, to be more precise, not eyes but a pair of slits through which a two-legged beast looks at you.

Who's Fed Koval? He is a *kurkul* from the village of Lopushna, but not of the tribe which preferred not to sow and to plow and yet to reap. For a long time did Koval wait the coming of his day. It came with the appearance of the Germans in Bibrka. Fed was one of the first to enlist in the police. For him it was the only possible path to a career and ... to personal wealth.

Then the "actions" began. Fed Koval didn't dig the holes for the corpses. The doomed did that themselves. He only watched them: stealthily, from under drooping brows, he watched the

movements, of those who stripped. When he would see a golden ring glittering on the finger of a girl, Fed would sneak up from behind and snatch the ring off her finger with a movement of an experienced thief. The earrings he would tear off together with the flesh: there was no time to stand upon ceremony — behind Fed's back hundreds of people were standing in line for his bullet.

Fed was a remarkable shot. The German commandant of Bibrka couldn't find high enough praise: Fed never missed the mark. When, on orders from the Gestapo, the doomed ran as fast as he could to the "death plank," Fed could hit him in the back of the head at a distance of twenty and even thirty paces. Small children, though, caused the most trouble. At no price would they approach the horrible pit, in which hundreds of bloodstained bodies twitched in death convulsions. Fed would either threaten, or show them candy. When this did not produce the desired effect, he grabbed the child by the legs and threw it high in the air. The small body, after turning over in the air a number of times, fell into the pit.

Eventually, Fed found himself a bride-to-be. On Sundays he'd take her by the arm and, gayly strolling in his home-made boots (the versatile Fed plied this trade as well), he'd lead her with an air of dignity through the town and into the

woods. Fed didn't know then that very soon the woods would cease to be his playground.

The battle front was approaching. Fed realized that his cozy world was drawing to its end and it was time to pack. When the commandant of the town was already saddled up, Fed was summoned to the Gestapo. The conversation was brief. The following day Fed disappeared.

He reappeared only after the Red Army came. But he wasn't Fed Koval any more, but "Moroz." To be more precise, Moroz the commander of a "kurin" batallion of the so-called UPA (Ukrainian Insurgent Army), which, as he said, wasn't fighting for Hitler but for a "United Ukraine."

This Ukrainian-German nationalist fought with methods he had tested while serving in the Ukrainian-German police corps. He would go up to a village cottage and knock at the window. When they let him in, he hacked down the masters of the house and their children with an ax. If they would not let him in, he set fire to the house and didn't retreat to the woods until the screams of the burning people had died down.

At nights, at an agreed hour, the "Junkers" dropped arms and munitions for Fed's gang. Once an officer was parachuted down from the skies. Fed wasn't exactly pleased, he didn't like to share power, but orders are orders, you know. So "Moroz" obeyed. The German developed the

plans for the surprise attacks, while Fed put them into effect. The German would swear, while Fed would snap to attention in front of him. For Fed was hand in glove with the German, linked by their common deeds of the past.

Fed's affairs, though, went from bad to worse: his gang was short on bandits. The instructions of his "command" offered him to launch a "mobilization." And Fed did launch one, first of all, among the sons of the kurkuls. In the majority of cases, the "volunteer" was ushered to the forest at gun point. There he was already expected by Fed and the German.

"Now take your choice, this..." Fed hollered, pointing to a submachine gun, "Or..."

"Kaput!" the German would conclude.

And frequently after such a convincing conversation the "volunteer" pledged loyalty to the "command."

Now let's take a closer look at one of these poor excuses for a warrior from Fed's gang. Only yesterday he had been pulled out of a foxhole. His watery eyes rove in terror about the room.

"Why did you go to the woods?"

"Fed Koval ordered me to."

"And nobody else?"

"And ... and the German officer..."

"You like the Hitlerites?"

For a short spell the watery eyes flare up.

"I've been evading those bastards for three

weeks on end. They wanted to take me to Germany by force."

"So a Hitlerite is an enemy..."

"Yes, an enemy!"

"And Fed, who serves them, isn't he an enemy?"

"An enemy..."

"Then why do you serve enemies?"

Something of a thought stirs under the skull of the shaggy head. His face, overgrown with a red stubble of hair, contorts pitifully, and torrents of tears start rolling down his cheeks.

"How should I know!" he suddenly shouts at the top of his voice.

The appeal of the Government of Soviet Ukraine has brought him back to life. At last his animalistic vegetation in beastly dugouts has ceased, he is no longer gripped by fear for his own life and that of his relations, and he has the opportunity of going back to work.

The end of the Bandera "Morozes" is nearing. Soon they themselves will be howling like wolves in the woods. No hearth will give them its warmth, no country thatch will protect them from foul weather, and from under every such thatch they will be spit upon with bullets. Those firing will be first of all they whom the nationalistic Feds had for so long a time spit upon without fearing reprisal.

1945

DOCUMENT OF INFAMY

At the Nuremberg trials many memos by German leaders, lieutenants and their attendants — all those Quislings, big and small — were read. Here is one such memo. The document was made public only in part. However, it commands our attention not only because of its contents regarding the destiny of the Ukrainians of the western regions under German occupation. Addressed to the former Hitlerite Governor-General and the now defendant Hans Frank, the memo was written by the ill-famed chairman of the so-called Ukrainian Relief Committee, the Gestapo agent Volodimir Kubiyovich.

Dated February 1943, it reads: "...I am sending you a letter describing the critical conditions and unpleasant events which have created an extraordinarily serious situation for the Ukrainian population of the Generalgouvernement. Under the present conditions the Ukrainians do not feel secure regarding either their property or their lives... Inhuman treatment, cruel exploitation of labor force, groundless arrests and literally mass executions are exceedingly frequent occurrences in our day. The wild and ruthless manhunt, as exercised everywhere in town and country, in streets, squares, stations, even in churches, at night in homes, has badly shaken the feeling of security of the inhabitants. Each is exposed

to the danger of seizure without warning anywhere and at any time by the police, and subsequently of being sent to an assembly camp. None of his relatives knows what has happened to him... The Ukrainians are frequently abused, defamed, and even mugged by German soldiers..."

Further on we read: "On January 15 special actions were launched against so-called antisocial elements in Galicia. In its territory some 5,000 people were arrested. It was said that this was done to facilitate the work of the authorities by isolating those who trade illicitly on the black market and who shirk work."

As we shall see later on, Kubiyovich is deeply concerned that all these measures did not in the least facilitate the work of the German occupation authorities. For the time being, though, he sheds crocodile tears on the SS uniform of Governor-General Frank:

"In connection with the mentioned measures, a raid on St. George's Cathedral in Lviv was organized. The raid, and especially the behavior of the police in this holy place, aroused profound indignation in the residents."

True, Kubiyovich wasn't too much worried about the incident. You see, he was more disturbed by the fact that the raid "was immediately used by hostile propaganda..." What irritated him most were the accounts of Lviv's residents who said that under Soviet rule "no such raids on

St. George's Hill were made, and that Soviet lecturers and students, who visited this place a number of times, displayed more respect for it than did the Germans."

However, the German-Ukrainian nazi Kubiyovich wouldn't be acting in character, if then and there he were not to wag his tail before his immediate master. And, God forbid, so as not to insult "His Excellency," he whitewashes well in advance Frank and his Hitlerite bonzes, placing all the blame on the "lower ranks" of the German army and administration.

In an ecstasy of servility, Kubiyovich writes:

"The Ukrainian peasant is willing to bear the greatest hardships and to make the heaviest sacrifices for the military aims of the Reich."

Kubiyovich had known, of course, how to cut the German pie ever since he sold his beggarly soul to the nazi Satan. Just as he certainly knew of the things which Sauckel, Hitler's plenipotentiary for slave labor, spoke about so reservedly during the inquest, so he also was informed of the other things mentioned in the documents presented at the Nuremberg trial: about the Germans' plan to deport tens of thousands of children from Ukraine to "reduce the biological possibilities of the enemy" and about the mass executions of these children. He knew only too well that the methods of labor "recruitment" were determined not at all by the "lower ranks" but by

Adolf Hitler himself. Kubiyovich also knew that from the first day of the war the attitude of the Ukrainian people toward the Germans was utterly unequivocal. As a result of this attitude both Frank and his Kubiyovich had to bid farewell once and for all not only to Ukraine, but also to all their dreams about her...

Why then did Kubiyovich sweat over the long memos addressed to Frank who knew what was really going on in the Galicia he administrated? Kubiyovich didn't do this for history's sake. He realized that the German butcher ax, while felling the Ukrainian forest, was also involuntarily chopping down the tree on which both he and Hans Frank were sitting.

There was yet another reason for this belated lamentation; namely the realization that the German invaders ceased to reckon with him, and the fear that — who knows! — he, Kubiyovich, might meet the fate of those millions of people out of whom his masters had plagued their lives. Writing about the executions of the Ukrainian intelligentsia, he confirms the lack of any influence by the yellow-blue nazis over the policy of the Germans:

"...Engineer Andriy Pyasetsky, a forester from Yaniv near Lviv, was shot, although, besides me and Dr. Kost Pakivsky, the Reichsdeutsche Y. Zh. vouched for him."

By way of adding flesh to the description of the writer of this memo, it should be mentioned

that on every occasion, in 1943 and, later on, in 1944, the very same Kubiyovich heading a delegation of his collaborators visited the Cracow estate of Frank to solemnly thank him and Hitler for "the kindness they have lavished on the Ukrainian people..."

This year Hans Frank, for the first time during the last few years, will be deprived of the opportunity of receiving Kubiyovich's New Year's greetings. It stands to reason that this time the latter, contented to know that he did not meet the same fate as Frank, won't even make the effort of shaking hands with his former benefactor.

It's a pity, though! It was probably to him and his kin that the Bavarian Minister of the Interior referred in a recent speech in Augsburg. Herr Schmitt stated: "Hitler brought to Germany quite a few fascists from other countries. One of the main reasons they do not want to return to their countries is the fear of deserved punishment that awaits them there. However, in agreement with the military administration, the camps of foreigners will be cleansed of fascist elements."

The time is long overdue when the large building of the national museum in Munich, instead of harboring all the filth of the Hitlerite riffraff, should again become an abode of the Muses.

1945

VAMPIRES

Two years ago the last German soldier and the last German policeman were kicked out of our country. One year has passed since Japan's capitulation marked the finale of this horrible war. The Berlin-Tokyo axis, crushed to pieces, has disappeared in the abyss of the past, while its engineers, who have emerged unhurt, humbly huddle in the dock.

After the First World War there appeared a book in Germany, whose title was eventually to become a household phrase: "the emperor has gone — the generals stayed behind." Applied to our days, it could be paraphrased in the following way: "the fascist generals have gone — the fascist orderlies stayed behind." And it must be said that these orderlies of Hitler, these offspring of the fascist devil have stayed behind in some number. Europe's criminal chronicle of events speaks convincingly to this point.

During the past few years armed bands have been emerging from the forests now in one, now in another district of the western regions, leaving in their wake blazing fires and the screams of people murdered on the sly. They murder with a sadism making Octave Mirbeau's frenzied fantasies pale in comparison. Without the slightest hesitation they apply the methods of total

extermination adopted from Himmler: there is no escape from their knives even for infants.

When the punishing arm of the people deals them a devastating blow, the survivors get together into small groups and, disguising their intentions as much as possible, continue to ply their bloody craft. At times two or three well-concealed brigands manage to hold a whole village in the grip of terror. An anonymous letter dropped by the threshold of a home, some shots fired into the windows in the dead of night, one or two murders on the sly create on occasions in the village an atmosphere of unremitting fright, which weighs heavily on the heart of the peasant, undermining his will to live and to work. This is exactly what the brigands of the night are striving for.

Now, who are they?

After the First World War, banditry also held sway in the lands between the rivers Zbruch and Sian. Then the forest thicket also concealed death and the "knights of the long sword" who prowled the highways. But there is a great difference between the banditry of those days and of today, not only because the Galician or Volhynian cutthroats of the 20s were good-natured gentlemen compared with their followers of today. For the Hitlers have gone — the Banderas stayed behind. Bound body and soul to fascism and its system, they continue to act from force of inertia even

after their Mecca, nazi Berlin, has been turned into shambles, and their fathers and patrons from the Gestapo and the German intelligence service have died or found themselves behind prison bars. So far, the Banderas have been lucky enough to give the gallows the slip, and they act, according to all the rules of fascist tactics.

Terror isn't the sole weapon at their disposal. This piebald tribe of cutthroats and adventurers from the prewar OUN, of exposed Gestapo and German policemen, SS men from the "Division Halichina", janizaries from the band of the recently hanged Vlasov, deserters run amok in the woods, rural and urban criminals with "hot records", and teenagers demoralized by the German occupation — they all have their Himmlers, and they also have their Göbellses who are just as deceitful, double-faced and cynical as their already dead prototype.

The watchword "independent" and "United Ukraine" have become part and parcel of their repertory. The consequences of these Banderite notions of "independence" and a "United Ukraine" had been demonstrated during the war years: Bandera never trespassed — and by his nature he couldn't have done so — the limits of the instructions issued by the All-German Gestapo chief Müller. Even as a fictitious inmate of the concentration camp at Sachsenhausen he steadily saw to it that his gangs would not, God forbid,

deviate from the path charted by the Gestapo; with this intent, he met quite frequently with Müller at the camp office, and with head bowed low, listened to the advice and instructions of the highly ranking guest...

Today Bandera has even less chance of reviewing a parade of his madcaps and marauders on Sophia Square in Kiev. And not only because no one in Ukraine wants his fascist brand of "independence". Bandera is less concerned about the will of the people than about that of his guardians. That's the way it was and the way it will be.

The point is that for these very guardians matters are going badly now: at every step the absence of Himmler, Müller and Witisk is acutely felt.

What about Britain and America? You guessed it! Hitler's orphaned orderlies would be only too glad to swap the battered swastika for the striped banners of the Anglo-Saxons. This is what they write in their reports (available for a small group of readers): "The arrival of Anglo-American troops in Ukraine would be beneficial for our strategy". However, it's a long, long way from the hopes of the Banderites to the actual arrival of these troops, and they know it perfectly well. Firstly, because hardly anyone in the world would dare advance against our country and our army; secondly, since the moment the last

stronghold of fascism capitulated, the word "war" has become the most loathsome word among broad segments of the population in England and in America.

Even the most militant noisemakers about the "iron curtain" have to reckon with the sentiments of these masses. Willingly or not, the Banderite lords must also reckon with them. Recently their family circle had to verify the sad news that an anti-Soviet war was unforseeable for the next few years at least. Moreover, they were seriously apprehensive of the fact that the working class in the United States of America would paralyze any attempt to employ the atom bomb in the struggle against the Soviet Union.

These and similar records of the meetings of the cutthroats from the Bandera clique show that these bandits can at times soberly appraise the situation. However, this appraisal is intended only for a limited group of consumers. Whenever the bosses of the cutthroats appear before their rank and file, whenever they try to bring their ideas within reach of the masses through their network of agents, you'll hear quite different things, among which the words "third war" are far more frequently heard than are the traditional screams for an "independent" and "United Ukraine".

The slogan "Long Live the Third War!" did not originate in the heads of the Banderites. Like all the other Banderite "ideas", it appeared on

the banks of the River Spree, in the office of General Stülpnagel, when he realized that there's but one road leading from Stalingrad — the road to the collapse of the "Third Reich". The second day when the collapse became reality, the "third war" was being advanced by the "Werewolf", and, following "Werewolf's" example, by the entire German nazi underground — all those "Edelweiss", "Stecknadelknopfs" and the rest, whatever their names. The slogan was immediately picked up by the Andersites, Ustashites, Chetniks *, and from there, through the hands of the Banderites' Polish sister crew, the NSZ **, it found its way into the programs of the Ukrainian nazis.

Who else but professional adventurists today entertain the prospect of a new war? In this respect as well the nationalistic scourgers aren't likely to hold any illusions whatsoever. The most important thing for them is to sow panic and distrust, to discourage people from engaging in peaceful, productive work, to deprive them of hope for a better tomorrow, to cultivate in them a sense of the flux and instability of the present state of affairs. Such a psychological assault,

* Andeis — Polish general commanding the troops subordinated to the Polish government in exile. After WW II the Andersites opposed the establishment of a people's democracy in Poland; Ustashites and Chetniks — local fascist units in Yugoslavia during WW II

** NSZ — Narodowe sily zbroine — military units of Polish DPs organized by the English and American intelligence services in West Germany after the war

sustained by bloody terror at that, pursues only one goal: to hinder the rehabilitation of the country, to stop its economic and cultural development, arresting through all means the organic transition of the populace of the Ukraine's western regions into the creative reality of Soviet life.

Such a "program of action" entertained by the Ukrainian nazis is in full accord with the interests of some British and American circles popularly called financial circles. Yes, precisely this is why some gentlemen of the American CIC and the British Intelligence Service decided to adopt and sustain the orphaned Ukrainian wards of Himmler.

If in response to the Czechs' move to nationalize their movie theaters, the American film bosses boycotted Czechoslovakia, if the Polish gold in the hands of the British government serves today as an instrument of political blackmail, these are but minor manifestations of a great discontent. Of course, the above-mentioned financial circles have no reason to be happy about the situation that has developed to the north and south of the Danube. The illusory independence of a number of countries has been replaced by actual independence, above all by an independence from foreign capital, while the colonial methods of management at the enterprises of Ploesti, Plzen, Dombrov and Zirardow have become but a sad song of the past.

For some, this is difficult, very difficult to accept. Instead, they do everything conceivable and inconceivable to hinder the normalization of political and economic life in those countries which have dared to go their own way, a way corresponding to their vital interests. That is why for some the Polish cutthroats from the NSZ came in handy; that is why some needed the services of the pogromists from the Horea Sima school so much.

The Ukrainian nazis were also honored with the attentions of the Anglo-Saxon priests of the golden calf. They received a special assignment. To understand it, it suffices to take a look at the map of Ukraine's western regions. Via Lutsk and Kovel runs the road to Warsaw, via Lviv, to Prague and Budapest. So let the blood of children and women flow on the frontier separating the Soviet Union from the democratic countries liberated by the Red Army, let the fires blaze here if only in this way will it be possible to create at least a slight barrier between us and the Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians; this is allegedly what the interests of the stock exchange adepts of London and New York require...

And the nazis obediently go to it: the Ukrainian on this side of the Sian and Bug, and the Polish on the other. We are witness of the pure togetherness between the cutthroats from the NSZ and the cutthroats of Stepan Bandera. The

orders and instructions of Anders are carried out jointly by the two sides.

Some days before the June referendum *, Poland was infiltrated by cutthroats from the UPA, Korovin, "Proryv" and Khromenko, in response to a call for help from the NSZ cutthroats. They began with the destruction of the premises housing the popular polls commission. While the NSZ henchmen butcher entire Ukrainian villages beyond the Sian, the Banderites launch real manhunts for those unfortunates who seek refuge on the territory of Soviet Ukraine. Quite recently in Brubesziw district, four Ukrainian peasants, who by some miracle had escaped the knives of the NSZ, had the misfortune to fall into the clutches of the Banderites. The peasants were heading eastward, and this was enough for all the four of them to die an agonizing death at the hands of the Banderites, who hung them on the crane of a draw well. Thus, by the will of a clique of free and easy businessmen, the Ukrainian and Polish adepts of Himmler are trying with bullet, knife and fire to transform the frontier regions into a desert.

However, this is only one side of the Bandera coin. There is yet another side, obdurately and shamefacedly as the Bandera Mamluks may try

* Reference to the referendum held in Poland in June 1946, at which the people unanimously voted for the establishment of a people's democracy in that country

to hide it. The fact is that everything the Ukrainian fascists are doing today is done, above all, for the sake of fascist Germany. Everything in the full sense of the word: the extermination of the people of the two fraternal Slavic countries, the disorganization of the economy of these countries, and the propagation of beastly chauvinism. Some might say: fascist Germany does not exist anymore, she has been driven into the dust. Yes, that's true, but it is also true that "the Hitlers have gone — the Banderites stayed behind".

The orientation of the world's fascists to fascist Germany was not a matter of juncture only. It was Germany, and Germany in the first place, who had all the qualities of becoming the main political and militaristic base of fascism, the central happy valley of this monstrous international banditism. Now this Germany is living through dark days. But who can convince the nationalistic orderlies that in ten to fifteen years from now she won't come back to life and show her teeth to the world?

But there was such a precedent: 1918 and everything that happened afterward. Was it not yesterday's enemies of Germany who then loosened their purse strings to revive her militaristic might, and when the German tiger grew up and growled for human flesh, wasn't it they who made the Republic of the Czechs and Slovaks prey to him?

True, there's a great, a tremendous difference between 1918 and 1945. We all know what the difference is about and so do the fascist orderlies. But they also know that the spirit of Locarno and the spirit of Munich is still alive; alive and kicking. If today the Banderites are so hopefully looking toward London and Washington, this doesn't at all mean that they expect an armed intervention from that direction. The Banderas aren't that naive. The cunning blackguards nurse quite different dreams — that history will repeat itself and that their guardian angel, the German phoenix, will again rise from the ashes to be spooned and fondled by the followers of Daterding, Chamberlain, Laval and Daladier.

These Banderite dreams are sustained every hour of every day by the policy conducted by the occupation authorities in the western zones of Germany. As long as the moneyed Geheimrats and Kommerzialrats from the Rhine-Westphalian "Steel Trust" have their say, the Banderites, NSZ and "Werewolf" men have every reason to hope of the coming of a "Fourth Reich"...

We do no exaggerate the danger which the Bandera movement brings for our people and our country. If we devote so much attention to it, it is mainly because the time has come to guarantee the workers of our land security, a quiet life and ample opportunities to build their happiness in their own home.

True, the struggle against the nazi cutthroats is not an easy one, for these disciples of Canaris and Müller have mastered the art of disguise to perfection. A struggle, consistent and relentless, against the Ukrainian vampires of German fascism must be waged by all the people of the western regions. To sweep clean our woods and homes from the nationalistic infanticides, to squash this fruit of Austro-German policy, who represent permanent and incorrigible agents of those forces hostile to Ukraine — this is an honorable task for every one of us, an honorable and urgent task.

The nationalistic vampires have a history all their own. Before the Bandera chicken was hatched, the egg was maintained for a long time in the incubator of Hrushevsky and Yefremov, in the incubator of misanthropy and banditism. It must be understood that the Bandera movement cannot be conclusively eradicated without making a clean slate of the paltry ideas of Hrushevsky and his followers.

Let us do away with the infanticides, but let us also do away with their creed.

1946

GUARDIANS OF TREASON

Our car broke down. We had to make a stop in a little wayside village in Franconia, somewhere between Augsburg and Stein. Luckily for us, everything needed for the repair was available at the local smithy.

Instantly a group of German farmers gathered around us. Their attention was centred on my companion — a lieutenant of the Red Army, a sight none had witnessed in these parts before. A lanky, dark-complexioned young man stepped out of the crowd.

"Let me give you a hand, Comrades," he said.

His name was Vasil B., a resident of Kulikiv in Lviv Region. In 1943 the Germans deported him for forced labor, and up to the end of the war he had worked on a farm. Then he came to an UNRRA * camp for displaced persons located not far from the village, and for the second year now has been waiting to be repatriated: the word "repatriated" he pronounced in a whisper, as he looked around furtively.

I promised him to find out the address of the Soviet repatriation commission the next day. At this point our conversation was cut short, for a

* UNRRA — United Nations Relief and Reconstruction Associati

figure with a tuft of blond hair and the eyes of a young owl stepped between me and Vasil. He, too, was an UNRRA ward and a "displaced person" — a German from Zaporizhya Region who had fled to his "Vaterland" together with Hitler's troops. Insults rained down on Vasil's head, the hand of another young man pulled him into the crowd. Vasil quickly disappeared from our field of vision.

However, I was to meet him again. Early in the morning on the next day, exactly at the time we had agreed upon, he came to our dormitory on a bicycle. A wide red scar stood out over his swollen brow. Sidestepping any conversation about what had happened the previous day, he stayed in my room for five minutes, carefully wrote down the address of the commission, asked me to give him some Soviet newspapers, and then left for Nuremberg.

In two hours he was back: that day the commission office was closed. He asked to leave the bicycle behind, explaining that "they'll guess where I've been going and will damage it". In vain did I wait for him next morning, in vain did I wait for him first one week, then a second, and finally a third passed. On the day of my departure I had to give the bicycle of the unfortunate Vasil from Kulikiv to the town council's lost-property office, as something belonging to a man whom I had to regard as missing...

This is not an isolated case, there are a multitude of such "incidents" in that spectacular hornets' nest that appeared in the western occupation zones under the guardianship of the Anglo-Saxon champions of "democracy, justice and order." It appeared on the second day after the rout of Hitler Germany, when the first British and American correspondents, their hands trembling with horror, photographed the heaps of corpses at the Belsen concentration camp. Some of them, perhaps, did not know then that one crime was begetting another crime, that on this very same German land whose air still smelled of the blood of incalculable victims of fascist terror, a new nest of militant fascism was being created by their governments.

How this dirty affair was started is common knowledge. On entering the territory of Germany, the allied armies found there not only a multimillion army of white slaves of the "Third Reich," but also a numerous crowd of Quislings, big and small, a multilingual throng of Himmler's domestics, a spectacular collection of Cains and Judases — the scum and trash of nations. And then something happened which was beyond the wildest dreams of the most inveterate cynics. Instead of bringing Himmler's following before a just court of nations, the allied occupation authorities took them under their wing with a display of affection which even Himmler did not

accord this riffraff. Thus, in a matter of one day, their high treason was raised onto a pedestal and placed side by side with honesty...

But this is only the beginning of a crime called the repatriation policy of the Anglo-Americans.

Instead of giving the victims of Hitler's servitude an opportunity to return immediately to their countries, the engineers of this truly unprecedented provocation began to do everything possible to bar their way home. At this point Himmler's scum stood the provocateurs in good stead. The Melniks, Banderas, Kubiyoviches, Kipetskys, Klimoviczes and Klimatises, Anderses and Grabiks, Rogozhins and Jizdoroviczes — this entire gang was now placed under the ministration of the new masters of the situation. They were assigned tasks according to their trade — to demoralize, to incite, to terrorize. All means were good if only they were directed toward the desired end — to establish in the heart of Europe a reserve army for fascism, be it dirty, be it of all stripes and hues, be it stained with all the deadly sins, if only it be obedient and willing to do everything for a piece of rotten sausage.

In July 1944, when the allied armies advanced into France, Hitler called a meeting of his closest officers in Berchtesgaden. Here is approximately what he told them:

"In connection with the danger of the allied troops invading Germany, I have considered it

necessary to develop a plan of exterminating the foreign workers. It is imperative because of two reasons. Should Germany become a battlefield, we may witness a rebellion of slaves. Besides, it would be undesirable to have the 12 million healthy, young people return to the countries hostile to us, which must be biologically weakened.

"The extermination must be carried out under the pretence of transporting workers from one camp to another. At the first sign of disturbances I propose to dispatch two and a half million foreign workers, primarily those that have been brought in from the territory of the Soviet Union."

Events developed at such a pace that Hitler had no time to realize his plan. So now it is being materialized by others with methods adopted both from Hitler and Friedrich II and the French manhunters from the Foreign Legion. Since the Quisling scum is undermanned it must be brought up to strength with fresh human material. And they enlarge it; through lies, blackmail and terror they herd people into the ranks of the mercenary janizaries deprived of a homeland and national respect. Before our eyes, in the heart of the European continent, there is a hunt for human souls going on, a hunt accompanied by badgering. It is an abominable spectacle without any precedent in human history.

In the British and American zones of occupation large crime syndicates are appearing. With the quiet assistance of the occupation authorities, the piebald Gestapo knaves are recreating fascism in all its diversity. With bludgeon, knuckle-duster and bullet the former SS men and assassins from the Sonderdienst pacify our Vasils; the former clerks of Göbbels poison their conscience with fascist smut tabloids published on the money granted by the American intelligence service; the disciples and veterans of Canaris and Lahousen set up factories for manufacturing forged documents. At the Polish DP camp in Ludwigsburg the "blue police" of Hans Frank perform duty, while in the Ukrainian camps the janizaries of the "SS Division Halichina" and the assassins from Bandera's crew hold sway. In special "offices" masters of forgery engage in the mass production of false identification cards and passports that are to prove that such and such a Soviet citizen is by no means a Soviet citizen.

To satisfy oneself about the efficiency of these masters of forgery, it's enough to visit any of the address bureaus in Munich, Füssen or Augsburg. Beside every suspicious name you'll invariably come across the words: "Polish citizen." In this manner Polish citizenship was "granted" to the former editor of a German smut tabloid in Kiev, Victor Petrov, who apparently had never even seen Poland in his dreams!

On the local level, all this is being done all too openly. However, as regards the engineers of this scandalous international fraud, they are far from being that frank. All accusations and protests they eagerly parry with quotations from the Gospel. They painstakingly plan their escape routes so as to emerge pure and clean out of this dirty repatriation slough. They've even found an exonerating formula for the Quislings, big and small: you can't, so to say, punish those who assisted Hitler's armed forces out of (of all things!) humanitarian reasons! It seems they want to convince us that for these reasons alone Kubiyovich helped Sauckel in deporting manpower from Galicia to Germany, and Hans Frank in taking away the bread from the Ukrainian peasant; that out of sheer love of his German neighbor he herded young Ukrainian men into a SS division. They want to convince us that out of love toward humanity Andriy Melnik, the longtime German spy and chieftain of the German-Ukrainian terrorists, sent Ukrainian young men to the Gestapo school (in one year alone he sent 200 to Müller) and called on his rogues from the Ukrainian-German police to slaughter the Jewish population. In a word, they have chosen to protect and acquit the most ignoble, the most horrid atrocities of the Ukrainian-German nationalists.

A. Y. Vishinsky's speech at the meeting of the third committee of the UN General Assembly

opened the eyes of all people of goodwill to what is taking place beyond the River Elbe under the umbrella of the Anglo-American occupational authorities. It was a voice of profound indignation, the voice of a great people, who has not sacrificed countless numbers of victims in this war only to see today its sons wantonly mocked by the mongers of a new war, by being thrown to the mercy of the venal fascist mob. So let it be known to the sons and grandsons of the slave traders, that under no circumstances will our Soviet people let its children, who have lived through the infernal cruelty of Hitler's servitude, become today the object of the dirty machinations of the Anglo-American reactionaries.

They deem it necessary and possible to shake hands with the Gestapo assassins, instead of leading them and their instigators and lords, the Görings, Keitels, Kaltenbrunners and Sauckels, to the gallows. However, this won't help the world's reactionaries. During the last few years the peoples of the world have gone through a severe and sanguinary schooling, and today they know that 1946 bears no semblance to 1933, and that the engineers of the fascist "reserve army" are late, utterly late for their wild train.

1946

OLD SPIES ON A NEW JOB

Volodimir Kubiyovich is a spy with a distinguished service record. Ten years before Hitler's march on Warsaw, the name of this "geographer" was an adornment in the files resting in the secret safes of the German intelligence. For Kubiyovich the work conditions were ideal. Employed in the cartographic department of Cracow University, he had every opportunity not only to use the library's material, but also to give lectures throughout the Poland of those days — from Cracow and Catowice all the way to the River Zbruch. Then the results gained by the research of the young espionage agent would make their way to Berlin where they were transformed into maps for the German General Staff.

In 1939, during Hitler's Polish campaign, these maps were of some importance. The invaders did not forget their agent. Hitler's Governor-General of occupied Poland publicly thanked Kubiyovich and even let himself be photographed together with him against the background of the Cracow royal palace.

Two years later, on instructions from Frank, Kubiyovich went to occupied Lviv. Here the former covert spy became an overt spy. He headed the so-called Ukrainian Relief Committee in whose

competence it was to register and keep a strict eye on all Western Ukrainians, and, above all, on the intelligentsia. Eventually, Kubiyovich's competence expanded, and his "committee" started supplying the "Third Reich" with Ukrainian slave labor, and from 1943 on recruited cannon fodder for the depleted ranks of Hitler's army.

Every day Kubiyovich's office belched out reports to Wächter, Frank, and directly to the Gestapo. All of them were signed by Kubiyovich. This miniature Quisling with the looks of a petty clerk and the manners of a provincial lackey made undeserved claims on history. Every act of treason, even the pettiest, was authenticated by his signature. With the same consistency he recorded on film every act of his subservience to Governor-General Frank and Governor Wächter. It isn't Volodimir Kubiyovich's fault that history crossed him out of its records.

Kubiyovich's right hand was Yevhen Khraplivy. During the first years of Hitler's invasion, Khraplivy specialized in agricultural matters: he helped the Germans in gathering contingents from the peasants, and, in addition, charged with excessive cynicism as he was, he made them hold "harvest feasts" for the governorship clerks.

After Stalingrad, when Berlin dispatched instructions to organize the "SS Division Halichina," this servile rogue immediately changed his trade:

the German economic executive began recruiting German mercenaries. He took to his job so seriously that in the end he, too, earned the personal praise of Hans Frank.

The name of Yuri Polyansky became known to the residents of Lviv the day the first announcements of the German burgomaster signed "Polyansky" appeared on the city's walls. He is a scoundrel of a cheaper breed. "Big politics" wasn't his domain, and he was content with occupying the post of a rank and file agent of the Gestapo. He devoted particular energy to machinations involving the looted property of the Jews. Polyansky was at his best in the field of bribery, particularly during the distribution of the Jewish stores among the Aryan speculators.

Polyansky played a disgusting part during the extermination of the Lviv residents. It was he who made up the lists of the doomed, he helped the *Sonderkommandos* carry out roundups, and he was one of the organizers of the beastly German-Ukrainian police.

Yuri Pavlikovsky was a man of the same calibre. In the stifling atmosphere of the nazi occupation this gray-haired knight of commerce was in his element. An inveterate collaborationist, he placed all his fervor at the service of the Wächters and Bauers. His speciality was to extort agricultural produce from the population for Hitler's army. For his devoted services to the "Third

Reich" he earned the honor of offering Hans Frank humble thanks side by side with Kubiyovich.

Vasil Laba concealed a lackey's livery under the cassock of an Uniate cleric, nonetheless his true color shined through. A ten-year record of service as a Gestapo agent opened the doors for him to the office of Governor Wächter. It was Laba who was the main liaison between St. George's Hill * and the occupation authorities, and, further, he kept the Gestapo informed on what was being said, done and written in the dusky chambers of the Count and Metropolitan Andriy Sheptitsky.

At last the long-awaited day of commendation came: Hitler appointed Vasil Laba as *Feldkurat* (chaplain) of the SS Division. Now the cross on Laba's chest was brought to terms with the SS thunderbolts on his tabs. From the murky light of the Gestapo reception rooms and the St. George's offices, Vasil Laba emerged into the daylight: he recruits mercenaries, he gives the blessings, he appeals from the rostrum thickly posted with swastikas and thunderbolts. A priest of servility and treason, he pathetically proclaims with eyes raised to the heavens: "Führer," "Great Germany," "New Europe."

* St. George's Hill — the site of St. George's Cathedral — the former residence of the head or the Greek Catholic (Uniate) Church in Lviv

...In May of 1945 all the above-mentioned personalities found themselves in the last hiding-place of the surviving SS men — in Munich under American occupation; for some time the unemployed Gestapo agents sat as silent as mice under a broom, waiting for the favorable juncture. They didn't wait long. The Americans' demand for experienced spies and provocateurs was so big, that the names of Kubiyovich & Co. could not remain unnoticed, the more so since the Galician Gestapo men literally camped on the doorsteps of the offices of the 3rd American Army intelligence division.

Recently Kubiyovich organized in Munich an "action group" and, later on, a "general meeting" to discuss, of all things, the revival of the T. H. Shevchenko Scientific Society. The participants in the "group" and "meeting" included all the aforementioned followers of Volodimir Kubiyovich.

Well, history seems to repeat itself, but this time it's in the form of a farce. Spy nests built under the smoke screen of scientific establishments aren't a new invention; as it should have been expected, Kubiyovich borrowed it from his Gestapo teachers. And there's no doubt that the first thing the "society" will do is set up a department of cartography. But the point is that in our time the competence and opportunities available to the "society" and its organizers will be so

limited, so insignificant, it hardly justifies Truman's espionage bosses spending dollars on the Kubiyovich trash. 1947 bears no semblance to 1939 and 1941. The bitter experience of Hitler's Germany must have taught something to her contemporary American emulators.

As it turned out, the lesson didn't sink in. So much the worse for Truman's guardians of this trash.

1947

ЯРОСЛАВ ГАЛАН
ЛЮДИ БЕЗ РОДИНЫ
Памфлеты
(На английском языке)

Видавництво «Дніпро»
Київ, Володимирська, 42
Головне підприємство
республіканського виробничого
об'єднання «Поліграфкнига»
Держкомвидаву УРСР,
м. Київ, Довженка, 3.
Ціна 12 коп. Тираж 5000.

Dnipro Publishers would be glad to have your opinion of this book, its translation and design, and any suggestions you may have for future publications.
Please send your comments to 42 Volodimirska Street, Kiev, UkrSSR.

12 коп.